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MALVERN HILLS:

A POEM.

By JOSEPH COTTLE.

A bleffed spot! oh how my foul enjoyed
Its holy quietnefs, with what delight
Escaping from the world I linger'd there.

SOUTHEY'S JOAN OF ARC.

L O N D O N:

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1798.

MALVERN HILLS

A TALE

BY JOSEPH COOPER

A Tale of the
Early Days of the
English Colonies in
America

LONDON

PRINTED FOR J. M. LONDON, 1834

P R E F A C E.

THE MALVERN HILLS separate *Herefordshire* from *Worcestershire*, and are about ten miles in length. Their direction is North and South. They consist of many sugar-loaf Hills, the summits of which command an extensive prospect, including parts of *Monmouthshire*, *Herefordshire*, *Radnorshire*, *Brecknockshire*, *Shropshire*, *Worcestershire*, and *Glocestershire*. There is a spring rising in the side of one of the Hills, possessed of some medical properties, which, together with the purity of the air and the surrounding scenery, renders it a place of fashionable resort in the summer months. Some further particulars respecting these Hills will be found in the Notes.

There is nothing in the following Poem which requires any prefatory information; neither have I any thing to say in extenuation of its faults, and therefore should have contented myself with the preceding brief description of the Hills, if it had not appeared necessary more amply to explain those references to the state of the Poor, which will appear in one part of the Poem.

A suspicion that I might not again have so fit an opportunity of declaring these sentiments, has induced me to embrace the present occasion, though aware at the same time, that I am subjecting myself to censures, which are disregarded only from the superior interest, the subject excites in my mind. I, however, request the reader to observe that in commenting, both here and in the Poem, on the effects of *extreme poverty*, I have been influenced by no other motive than a desire of finding a cure, by exciting dormant feelings in the minds of the good, and not from a querulous disposition to detect evils which cannot be removed.

Perhaps no sentiment has been more detrimental to mankind than the belief that the Property we have is *our own*, and that the largest possessions were given us for no other purpose than to multiply our wants.

I do not mean to infer that the Affluent are not intitled to the comforts of Life, but they are assuredly to be condemned as unjust stewards, when they are actuated by a spirit of accumulation, or expend in Pride and Luxury that Property which was *lent* only to promote surrounding happiness. It must however, be confessed that the most dissipated men by the inconsiderate diffusion of their fortunes not unfrequently confer benefits on those around them: but this does not justify their conduct; it only proves that the Supreme Being, at the moment he condemns the motives of men, can make their worst actions concur to the general good.

But that disposition of mind which can alone stimulate men to correct the evils we complain of, is the constant recollection that we were not born for ourselves, but for the good of others. If this sentiment were more practically adopted, men of fortune, whatever their incomes, would confine their expenditures to reasonable limits, and be constantly desirous of removing the distresses of those around them.

The important obligations, however, which the Rich are subject to, are not confined to the relief of corporeal wants: the subordinate ranks of Society have propensities to much evil, and capacities for much good: ought these minds to be left untutored, or to the improvements of chance? For the want of that moral instruction which it was in the power of rich men to bestow, how many evils have arisen to the world, and do arise! How many of those men, who have been exiled or have forfeited their lives to the laws of their Country, would at this moment have been valuable members of Society, if the rich in their particular districts had complied with the duties of their station? but their attention to their Routs and their Dogs, and their Horses and their Hunting, and a long catalogue of other trifles,
too

too frequently preoccupy their minds, and leave them neither inclination or leisure to restrain their passions, or to consult their duties.

How far the crimes of the Thief, the Highwayman, or the Murderer, may be attributed to Rich men who have misapplied their riches, a future day will determine ; but it is possible, that at that time the conduct of the apparent assassin may be palliated, and the *real* murderer be found in the man, who, having it in his power, neglected to correct the disposition which occasioned it.

The best intentions of men are too frequently counteracted by a passion for extravagance. It is impossible to trace the effects of this vice without recurring to almost all the evils of life ; it extends its ramifications in every direction ; renders callous the heart ; perverts the understanding, and even deprives us of that portion of happiness which God created us to enjoy. Its approaches are flattering, and its progress is imperceptible. The passion for finery and distinction, incapacitates men of the largest fortunes from doing good, and it is no uncommon thing to hear the most opulent, when solicited by an acquaintance for a small charitable donation, to apologize, at the moment they are stepping from a Chariot to a Palace, by saying, with much apparent concern, " They really cannot afford it," and true it is, they cannot afford it, consistent with their present conduct.—Pride makes them extravagant, and extravagance keeps them poor.

Men too often begin life without prescribing bounds to their wants ; and if accident or common occupations bestow on them wealth, their immediate consideration is, not how best to encourage the virtuous, instruct the ignorant, or relieve the distressed ; but, to determine what new appendage to add to their establishment ; and an inflexible resolution to regard only their own imaginary wants, seems to proceed with an exact proportion to the increase of their riches. With such principles prevailing in the world, how can it be amended ? When such selfishness abounds, where shall the voice of Poverty be regarded ?

The generality of men require but very slender arguments to refuse their assistance to the needy, and are easily persuaded to expend their wealth in that channel which best accords with their corrupt passions : it is on this account that the assigned motive with many for not relieving the Poor, is, their folly or their vices.—Let God condemn us all, but let not man condemn his fellow ! Have the allurements of vice never subdued *thy* better judgment ? have the ways of folly never found an advocate in *thy* breast ? endued as it has been with purer motives, and secured by more early instructions.—If we have been strangers to the flagrant crimes of others, instead of exercising a censorious spirit, we should first endeavour to correct in them what we know to be wrong, and at the same time thank God, with humility, that he has protected us from their temptations and defended us from their trials.

I speak this as the shadow of an apology for the most depraved poor ; but what shall be said for that large portion of our fellow-creatures, of the aged and the infirm, who are familiar only with want and its concomitant evils ; who hardly venture to consider themselves in the light of human beings, and are debarred from calling any brethren, unless they perceive in them a brotherhood of misery.

It is manifestly true, that a vast portion of the evil which deforms the world, arises from the uncultivated minds of the Poor ; from their being reared in confined and filthy habitations, where whole families are herded together, disregarded by the world, and ignorant of their moral duties, whilst both Children and Parents are familiarized to, and hardened by indecencies. From such hot-beds what is to be expected but the life of the evil principle and the destruction of the good ?

The mind sometimes indulges itself with the luxury of supposing what might be, and pictures the very possible character of a rich man, limiting his expences, and employing the overplus of his fortune in lessening the distresses of those around him. We fancy him persuaded that a small assistance to
young

young persons at their commencement in life, is frequently the cause of their being permanently comfortable, and often of arising to respectability and usefulness. We extend our ideas, and behold such a man bestowing a small marriage portion, on every virtuous young couple of his neighbourhood; acquiring by these means an interest in their affections which a good man will make productive of good. He beholds with pleasure their rising offspring, and in cases of emergency, presents to their minds a last and certain resort, ever studying to inculcate the benign tenets of Christianity, as well by example as precept: and this not to one family, whose habits may have been particularly good, but to all who surround his dwelling, mildly rebuking the bad, and encouraging the good. Such a man might be considered almost as a Deity on earth; but what would be of more consequence to himself, on quitting the world, it would afford him the consolation to reflect, that he was not born in vain.—There are few men so depraved as not to admire this character; but the generality of persons content themselves with admiring, what they are determined never to imitate.

It is charitable to suppose that the majority of rich men squander their fortunes on themselves alone, from the impressions they received in early youth, or from the overbearing influence of example, reflecting not, because they have not been taught to reflect, that what they make essential to their happiness, *might* confer happiness on thousands.

It seems to be incontrovertible, that every man by industry and carefulness ought to be enabled to protect his children from want, and depraved is the mind which would debar him from some comforts; but what comforts can that man secure to his family, who when young, could only provide for himself with tolerable decency, and now that he has a wife and many children, is compelled with *the same sum* to provide for them also.* An effectual remedy for these evils will never be discovered,

* An avaricious Farmer once told the writer, that he had almost constantly remarked a gradation of changes in those men he had been in the habit of employing—Young men he said were generally neat in their appearance, active and cheerful, till they became married, and had a family,

discovered, until SCHOOLS and CHARITIES are founded upon NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS. So deeply is my mind impressed with this truth, that I hope a degree of warmth will be pardoned in me when speaking on the subject.

Children are called the children of the state, but is not that state an unnatural parent, which resents only its children's preternatural death, and does little else for the preservation of their lives; which beholds the deaf and the lame and the blind unprovided for, together with numberless children who are made

"To die so slowly that none call it murder."

COLERIDGE.

Have not all governments mistaken one of the first principles of government, when out of millions expended in other channels, they bestow not a single farthing on these ill-fated sufferers—these "blights of the creation," whose claims more particularly apply to the state. But states, like individuals, keep themselves poor by extravagance, for what states can afford to assume the paternal character, and at the same time undertake their favourite wars, which not only fill the land with mourning, and send thousands and tens of thousands to an untimely grave, but in a few years occasion the expenditure of a sum sufficient to ameliorate the condition of all the poor in Europe.

I cannot, however, but indulge the hope, from the improving philanthropy of the age, that the time is fast approaching, when every poor man will receive a stipend from the government under which he lives, rising in proportion to the number of his children. This would be a politic measure in every country, as well as the most effectual means to correct the morals of the lower orders, by making them attach the idea of comfort to the word HOME: morality also would be essentially promoted, as it would encourage them to marry, from the

when he had observed that their silver Buttons, Buckles and Watches gradually disappeared, and their Sunday's Clothes became common without any others to supply their place.—But said he, "some good comes from this, for they will then work for whatever they can get." It should be remarked that the wages in this place were one shilling per day.

the recollection that some assistance would be dealt to them to defray the expences of a rising family. At present, the classes to which I refer, in marrying obey the impulse of the moment, rather than the dictates of their understanding, and when their minds become divested of former impressions, they are ready to curse their folly, and to consider the children which God sent them in mercy, as so many subtractions from their happiness. And truly they are so, presenting nothing to the parent's eye but comfortless penury, and exciting nothing in his mind but the recollection of wants he cannot satisfy.*

In

* These reflections were occasioned in some measure by visiting a poor Family residing in a wretched Hovel on the Herefordshire side of the Malvern Hills, and near the road at the bottom of the Herefordshire Beacon. The Family consists of a Husband, Wife, six small and half-starved Children, together with an aged Grandmother. The Husband is a Labourer, and in the best season of the year, earns from seven to ten shillings per week. It is no uncommon thing for such Families to kill one Pig in the year, and by partaking of it on particular days only, to make it last the whole of the following year. This was exactly the case with the present family. As I entered the door the pot was boiling over a small wood fire, round which the six ragged but innocent looking children with the old Grandmother were seated, watching it boil with a solicitude that made them silent. The Mother was busily engaged in mending a garment that had been mended a hundred times before. She appeared to be a woman of good natural sense, and spoke like one who had known what grief was, her manner was spiritless, and I could not help believing that she was unhappy, not from the evils she herself had felt, but from the anticipation of what her children must feel. It may be supposed that it was impossible for me to address her with any ill-timed expressions of pity, which instead of comforting her mind would rather have confirmed her sorrow. I enquired of the Grandmother if she received any assistance from the Parish, she replied in a shrill and faltering voice, that she had often required it, and had as often been refused by the Overseers, unless she would consent to give them the little Hut, which had formerly been plastered up by her deceased husband, and in which she and her descendants still contrived to live. "How Sir," said she, "could I part with the only thing in the world I can call my own."—This is parochial Law! Oh Howard, I venerate thy benevolence, but could wish that thine own country had possessed its full exercise, then mightest thou have been living, and haply this injustice have been remedied.

If in consequence of this remark any of the visitors to Malvern Wells should notice this poor and interesting Family, it will afford me consolation to reflect that one human being is the better for the present publication. It must however be confessed, that this is one only of many thousand instances which present the same or greater claims on our compassion, but if we withhold our good till we have discovered the *most* deserving object, it is manifest that our design is to do no good at all.

In commenting on the state of the Poor, I might refer among other topics to those neglected sinks of wretchedness—Parish Workhouses, and include strictures on the hard tendency of many of the Poor laws. But my design was not to write a treatise on the condition of the Poor, but merely to express a few thoughts, which might elucidate particular parts of the Poem. I cannot however refrain on the present occasion to declare the warm admiration which all must feel of a society in London recently established for amending the state of the Poor. Their different reports on this subject, do them honor as men and as christians, and demonstrate the practicability of the scheme. It is a fact indeed which no reasonable person could doubt: the disposition to attempt it was alone required, and if persisted in with resolution and supported with liberality, its benefits must be permanent and its importance national.

My friend, ROBERT SOUTHEY, understanding I was about to publish a Poem on the subject of Malvern Hills, addressed to me the following lines.

They do not particularly refer to the subject of the Poem, but as being suggested by that subject, they may not be unacceptable to the reader.

TO

JOSEPH COTTLE.

IS MALVERN then thy theme ? it is a name
That wakes in me the thoughts of other years
And other friends. Would I had been with thee
When thou didst wind the heights. I could have lov'd
To lead thee in the paths I once had trod,
And pointing out the dark and far-off firs
On Clifton's summit, or the spire that mark'd
That pleasant town, that I must never more
Without some heavy thoughts bethink me of,
I could have lov'd to live the past again.
Yet, were I ever more to tread those heights,
Sure it should be in solitude ; for since
I travell'd there, and bath'd my throbbing brow
With the drifted snows of the unfunn'd mountain clift,
Time hath much chang'd me, and that dearest friend
Who shar'd my wanderings, to a better world
Hath past. A most unbending man was he,

Simple of heart, and to himself severe,
 In whom there was no guile, no evil thought,
 No natural weakness. I could not have borne
 His eye's reproof; it was to me as though
 The inward monitor that God has given
 Spake in that glance; and yet a gentler man
 Liv'd not. I well remember on that day
 When first I past the threshold of his door,
 The joy that kindled every countenance
 Bidding him welcome home. For he was one
 Who in the stillness of domestic life
 Was lov'd and honour'd, rightly deeming that
 Best scene of virtue, and partaking there
 The happiness he made.

Upon a hill,
 Midway, his dwelling stood. The ceaseless stream
 That rolls its waters o'er the channell'd rock,
 Sent from the glen below such mellow'd sounds
 As in the calm and contemplative hour
 Invite the willing sense. The ascent beyond
 Bounded the sight, that ask'd no fairer view
 Than that green copse whence many a blackbird's song
 Was heard at morning, and the nightingale
 Such sweet and solitary music pour'd,

As, fuiting with the twilight's sober thoughts,
Blends with the foul's best feelings. In her dreams
Of purest happiness, my fancy shapes
No lovelier place of resting. But no more
Shall I behold that place of pleasantness :—
Death has been busy there.

And well it is
That thoughts like these should wean us from the world,
Strengthening the heart with wholesome discipline
For life's sad changes. Oftentimes they rise
Uncall'd, but not unwelcome, nor unmix'd
With a deep joy that satisfies the soul.
Even now, a man contented with the past,
Pleas'd with my present fate, and looking on
In hope, I sometimes think on that dear Friend,
Who surely I believe will welcome me
When I have past the grave, and blest my God
For this belief, which makes it sweet to die.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

as before with the same result.

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MALVERN HILLS.

ALONE, unnoticed, at this early hour,
While all around is silence, I will mount
The MALVERN HILLS. This is a holy-day ;*
And holy I will make it, leave the world,
Its toils, and cares, and commune with myself.

5

As up I climb, the freshness of the morn
Smells grateful, though no object meet my view.
Through the dark mists, which now with coming day
Struggle for mastery, the giant Hill
Casts not a shade: Now back I turn to mark
The winding path, but all is grey and void ;
On every side thick clouds; the spacious world
Lives but in memory! whilst forth I roam
A wandering, unlov'd, solitary thing.
Tho' here on this known spot, my fancy starts

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* *This is a holy-day*—The time, Whit-Monday, and early in the morning.

At her own shapings—fearful—impotent ;
Now rousing up impossibilities ;
Pursuing then, through each strange circumstance,
The vagrant thought with aptest energy.

Ye idle phantasies! away! away!

20

I am no unblest solitary man,
Confined to one rude spot, whilst round, a scene
Illimitable spreads—bleak—desolate—
With not one kindred soul to share my being.
I have ten thousand recollections dear,
This Mount, I know it well, and soon shall tread
Its proudest summit, soon with joy behold
Objects that glad the heart—unspeakable!

25

Now have I left the mists, and now ascend
Up to a purer air; the height appears
O'erspread with no thick fogs, but clear, though wild;
Yet when I cast a sideway look behind,
And mark the prostrate clouds, and see no form,
But this huge Hill, which, like an island, stands
Mid boundless seas, I could almost believe
Yon sterile eminence, the regal spot
Where Desolation fits, and views entranc'd
Her vast—dispeopled empire.

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By my side

There stands an aged Thorn; at this lone hour
Cheering, the sight of ought familiar. 40
How bent its matted head, by the bleak wind,
That in one current comes—howling and fierce!
Thou poor unshelter'd Thorn, I pity thee!
Tho' this the month of gladness, and the time
When verdure thrives—tho' now thy fellow trees, 45
Down in the vale beneath, their summer dress
Put forth, and every spray, with blossoms hung,
Dances with happiness; yet, heedless, thou,
With here and there a solitary leaf,
Look'st ever to the earth, disconsolate: 50
'Till some rude tempest shake the mountain's brow,
Uptear thy feeble limbs, forever end
Their conflict with the storm, and down the steep
Hurl thee, unpitied—tenant of the clouds,
Emblem art thou of him in this low world 55
Whom Genius burdens, whose diviner mind
Spurns at the world's low aims, and feels itself
Unblest: whilst poverty's bleak winds assail.
Low, like the MOUNTAIN THORN, he bends his head,
And whilst unnumber'd objects speak of joy, 60
And ignorance looks gay, and folly smiles;

Nursing his many wrongs, he stands aloof,
And thinks, with calm consolement, when his head
Down to the grave shall go, his spirit rest.

What countless sun-beams glisten as I pass! 65
How sweet the early fragrance, as the dew
Rises with morn's pure incense to the skies!
The mount is still before me, and my feet
Must tread the mazy circuit, rough and steep,
Ere I obtain the summit, but the view, 70
Spacious and grand, shall well repay the toil.

Now on the Beacon's towering head * I stand!
The radiant sun just peeps o'er yonder hill
In silent grandeur, whilst the neighbouring land,
Like ocean, drinks the splendor of the morn— 75
One mass of glory. Now the last faint star
Withdraws its timid ray, and slow the moon
Sinks shadowy in the western hemisphere.
Beneath my feet, down the dark mountain's side,
The clouds are troubled! now dissolve they fast! 80

* *The beacon's towering head*—The two highest points of land on the Malvern Hills are called the Herefordshire and Worcesterhire Beacons.

A fairy vision! whilst the early Lark
Up through their bosom mounts most merrily.

Oh what a luxury do they possess
Who, rising with the morn, taste its first sweets!
The breeze that waves the long grass to and fro, 85
While yet the dew of heaven hangs thick upon it,
Gives health, and raises the unfetter'd mind
To loftiest meditation. Day returns,
And Nature, from a transient rest, assumes
Her wonted form, and seems to look more pleas'd 90
For being seen. 'Tis well to contemplate
On Providence whose eye encircles all.
Parent and Guardian of Creation round!
The Elephant on Thee depends for food,
And all the intermediate train of shapes 95
Down to the Mite! and Beings, smaller still,
Possess of Parts peculiar and complete,
To whom the Mite appears an Elephant!
All on our Common Father call for bread!
Learn it, astonish'd Earth! shout it, oh Heaven! 100
He hears them all!

MALVERN HILLS,

How little do we know

Of this fair heritage! this wondrous world!

How little of ourselves, sublimest knowledge!

And of that little what is blindly lost 105

By him who wastes his hours in drownsiness!

When in the grave we shall have sleep enough!

Befits us now to do the work of day!

A Night is coming.

Tho' man's searching eye 110

Hath pierc'd the ethereal vault where planets roll

The eternal course, and suns their steady fires

On other worlds bestow; seen the vast orbs

That tremble in the immeasurable void;

Yet these small things are lost in littleness, 115

A drop of water to the boundless deep!

Compar'd with Deity's unnumber'd works,

Scatter'd beyond the utmost verge of sight,

Where stars, far distant, never light exchange,

And never comets in their wide career 120

Blend their faint beams.

Most thankful be our hearts,

That not to search the vast profound of space

Reason requires to see the almighty power !
This world, this land, this spot, an endless source 125
Of meditation offers, where the eye,
In every blade of grass, may view the God
Who form'd the Universe.

How bright the scene !
Now the low cots appear, the distant hills, 130
The fertile plains, far stretch'd on every side ;
Whilst all the vast variety of forms
In yonder sunny vale, tranquil and fair,
O'erpower my ravish'd senses. What a sweep
For mortal eye ! Trees of an hundred years, 135
From this huge mount, look like some tender sprays,
And mock the toil to separate : whilst flocks,
And scatter'd herds, so faintly meet my sight,
They seem not living things. The goodly view
Makes my eye swim with rapture, and my heart 140
Feel extasy.

Ah ! who could stand unmov'd,
And view this blue expanse, this beauteous orb,
This speaking tablet of intelligence !

Ah! who with cold—cold heart could view yon Sun 145
 Mounting the ethereal vault, whilst fiery clouds
 Surround, and o'er the horizon's verge, far stretch'd,
 Heap their rich columns? 'tis a sight, methinks,
 No eye might contemplate and not adore
 The hand that made it. 150

Now the morning beam
 Gilds each far eminence; a motley show
 Of colours fanciful and starting shapes,
 That quaint similitudes force on the mind.

And now I mark where Upton's* spires arise, 155
 Whilst many stately trees, and many cots,
 And villages o'erspread the country round;
 And orchards, with their odoriferous breath,
 That scent the air, and to the eye present
 One sheet of blossoms.† Lovely scene! my heart 160
 Almost disclaims humanity's dull powers,
 And thinks it were a task of easy sort
 To glide an airy shape amid the sky,

Where Upton's spires arise—A town in Worcestershire, situated on the banks of the Severn.

One sheet of blossoms—The blossoms from the Apple and Pear Trees in Herefordshire and Worcestershire, in the month of May, appear to cover the whole face of the country.

Or through yon pleasant vallies ; drinking more
Of heavenly extasy : ah fond deceit ! 165

From Hills that in the distance die away
I turn to mark the Chace.* Trees that just rise
Above the tufted fern, in one long line
Of tasteless order, and the bounds of earth
And partial barrenness, and mould'ring trunks 170
Clad in their russet dress, proclaim that man
With sacrilegious hand hath labour'd long
To tame its wild luxuriance, and destroy
The haunts of hermit innocence and peace.†
But memory strains her eye beyond the date 175
Of thy young pastures—memorable chace !
She fancies the white mists that curl along
Yon river, marching armies, pacing flow
And solemn to this plain, to pitch their tents.

The Chace—Malvern Chace occupied that extensive vale situated between the River Severn and the Malvern Hills, and a part of which is now denominated the vale of Evesham. The Chace extended also on the Herefordshire side of the Hills, and the whole was computed to occupy the following number of acres. In Worcesterhire 7115, besides 241 called the Prior's land. 619 acres in Herefordshire, and 103 in Gloucesterhire. In the time of William the Conqueror, it abounded with large trees, and was considered as one of the King's Forests. Edward I. gave it to the Earl of Gloucester, at which time it received the name of Chace, which denoted it to be private property. Since that time the trees have been gradually cut down, and for very many years it has been reduced to a mere common. An Act of Parliament has lately been obtained for enclosing the whole, and it now presents nothing to the eye, but young trees, and long unbroken lines of earth boundaries.

The haunts of hermit innocence and peace—See Note to Little Malvern.

Even now the crafty Edward* moves before 180
 My retrospective gaze, methinks I see
 The youthful Chieftain with his valiant hosts
 Crown'd with new laurels, urging swift their course
 To this fair spot, where Leicester sleeps secure
 And dreams of triumphs, whilst his injur'd King 185
 Stoops to obey a subject, half resigns
 Europe's first crown:

The crafty Edward—Henry III. and his Son Prince Edward, were in the possession of the Earl of Leicester, who, under the sanction of their names, exercised complete authority. The Earl of Gloucester, jealous of his rival's power, and thinking it essential to the success of his plans, to get the young Prince out of his hands, devised the following means for that purpose.—“Leicester, with his royal Prisoners, lay at Hereford; Roger de Mortimer (a partisan of Gloucester) having many friends at Hereford, made Edward a present, by a third hand, of a very swift horse, and withal acquainted him with the use he was to make of it, and the design laid for the recovery of his liberty. To second the project, the Prince feigning himself ill, and to want exercise, desir'd leave to ride some horses. The Earl of Leicester, who suspected nothing of the matter, granted his request, though with great precaution. Besides his usual guard, he ordered some gentlemen to keep always near him, and to have their eye upon him continually. Edward being come into the fields, immediately breathed two or three horses. Then he called for that lately presented him, and as if he had a mind to use him gently to his rider, walk'd him at some distance from his guard, being accompanied by the gentlemen who kept close to him. When he was come to a certain place which he had before carefully remarked, and which seemed proper for his design, laying the reins on his horse's neck, and clapping spurs to his sides, he so surprized those that attended him, that he was at a good distance before they were recovered from their astonishment. However, they rid after him till they saw a troop of horse, sent by the Earl of Gloucester to favour his escape.

The Earl, foreseeing how fatal Prince Edward's escape might prove to him, caused very severe orders to be published to all the King's subjects, to oppose to the utmost of their power, Prince Edward, the Earl of Gloucester, and their adherents, who were all stiled Traitors to the King and State. But notwithstanding this, many barons, officers and soldiers, came and offered their service to the Prince, who, in a short time, saw himself at the head of an army, superior to that of the confederates. Then it was that affairs began to have a new face. The Earl of Leicester, who, a little time before, had all the forces of the kingdom at his disposal,

The Monarch's gallant Son

Now speeds him to the fight, resolv'd to die,
 Or free his captive Father: There they stand, 190
 Both armies marshall'd, ready to commence
 The war of men; a moment's pause ensues,
 And every heart knows that the strife is nigh,
 And feels some stern forebodings: even such doubts,
 As when a Traveller benighted roams 195

could not prevent Edward from becoming Master of Gloucester and several other places. He was even forced to give ground to that young Prince, who followed him from place to place, and to use all his policy and experience in order to avoid a battle. As he was a very good General, he took timely care to post himself so as to be able to retreat, whenever he should be pressed. Mean while, he sent repeated orders to his Son Simon, to quit the siege of Pevensey, which detained him in Kent, and come and reinforce him. Simon obeyed, and with his little army began to march with extraordinary expedition, to join him. But as he drew near Evesham, where his Father was encamped, Edward having notice of his coming, suddenly fell upon him with all his forces, and cut in pieces this little body, which could not resist him.*

This victory animating the young Prince with fresh ardour, he immediately returned to attack the Father, before he had received the news of his Son's defeat. He so deceived the watchfulness of the old General, by this sudden resolution, that he was very near the enemy, when the Earl imagined it was his Son coming to his assistance. Leicester's surprize was so great that he could not help showing it. However, he put every thing in a good posture of defence, perceiving that a retreat would be still more dangerous than a battle. The fight began about two in the afternoon, and lasted till night, notwithstanding the hasty flight of the Welshmen, who deserted the Earl at the very first onset. He sustained, however, by his courage and conduct, the efforts of Edward, who fought with an astonishing valour, well knowing that the good or ill fortune of his life depended on the success of that day. At length, after a long resistance on the side of the Barons, the Earl of Leicester and his Son Henry being slain on the spot, their troops were disheartened, and the Prince obtained a full and complete victory. His joy at this success was the greater, as, during the heat of the battle, he had the satisfaction to deliver the King his Father, from the captivity he had been in ever since the battle of Lewes."

RAPIN.

* T. Wikes says, the Prince, marching all night, came by break of day to Kenelworth, and set upon Simon and his men, who were then in their beds, and killed and took prisoners most of them, the chiefest of whom were Robert de Vere, William Lord Munchansy, and Adam of Newmarket. Simon escaped into the castle.

O'er some bleak desert, whilst the thunder's voice
Speaks fearfully on high; and lightnings flash
Round his bare head. He marks each peal subside,
Yet knows the rattling elements again
Will found to war, and thinks, with serious brow, 200
Of that fresh conflict which may sink his head
Abased, before the Genius of the Storm.*
With such expectant heart both armies pause.
The Spell is o'er!—the Battle's bray is heard!—
The combat rages, fierce, impetuous, 205
And dreadful is the sound of clashing arms.
There Edward sends his sword, through each mail'd Foe,
As it were air that met it, whilst the crown,
Suspended o'er the thickest of the fight,
Rouses his heart anew. The gallant youth 210
Feels for a Sire in chains, a throne usurp'd,
And moves mid mangled heaps of his own slain,
Resistless, singly, till with joy he views
The hostile ranks retire, discomfited
Before his vengeful spear, and eager flies 215
To bid his Father live—England's proud Lord.

* It will be remembered, that Prince Edward had just defeated Simon, Son of the Earl of Leicester.

Each moment brings some secret object forth!
 Old Severn* there his eager current rolls,
 Urging his stately undiverted course,
 Impatient to embrace his parent Flood. 220
 And many pleasant streams that from these hills
 Take their meandering way, now meet mine eye;
 The sun-beams sparkle on their humble waves,
 That, hid awhile by little hills or trees,
 Seem lost, then reappear, and onward steal, 225
 Gladd'ning the villagers.

And now I mark,
 Beneath two lofty hills, and in the vale
 Form'd by their steep descent, the Holy Well.†
 A plain stone dwelling, weather-worn and rude 230
 Stands singly by. There never found is heard
 But the bleak wind, that, howling from above,
 Sweeps the bald mountain's side, and urging on
 It's boisterous way, at length forgets its rage,
 In dallying with the valley's scattered trees: 235

Old Severn there his eager current rolls—The Severn is about four miles distant from the Malvern Hills on the Eastern side. Above Tewksbury it is free from that muddy appearance which it is remarked for when nearer the Sea.

The Holy Well—The Holy Well is situated about a quarter of a mile from the Inn.

Save when the sky is hush'd, and to the ear
The never-ended bubblings of the spring
Send the same note—the same unvarying note.
Most melancholy spot! the hand of time
Seems busy with thy shatter'd tenement, 240
And all around thee prompts to pensiveness:
For who can view this place, nor think of those
Who to the fount are led to ease their frames
Of rankling malady.—The drooping fire
Of rising children, tottering o'er the grave, 245
And casting, with an anxious look, his eye
Through distant times, with many hopes and fears
For those he leaves behind. Or of the wife
Who bears a mother's name, by slow disease
Treading the downward road, yet, fill'd with dreams 250
Of lengthen'd days and coming happiness;
Watching her infant's smile, and planning well
Its future destiny, tho' never she
Shall mark its course. Yet not alone the throng
Who vainly hope the renovated frame, 255
Here pass their days, beneath yon stately roof*

Beneath yon stately roof—There is one large Inn at Malvern, which accommodates all the company who visit the spot. They have a common table, and the place is subject to the regulations as other of a similar kind.

Health and her sister Chearfulness are found,
 Whilst every joy, from Nature's fairest works,
 When in her pride she sits immaculate,
 Spontaneous heaves the heart, 260

From this high spot
 How many spires and aged towers* appear;
 Clear or by distance dimm'd.—Most sweet to think
 That these are temples to the living God,
 Rais'd by our pious fathers, who, beneath 265
 Their ever changing shades, now rest in peace.

Just peeping from a woody covert near
 The lesser Malvern stands.† Sequester'd church!
 The spot around thee speaks of quietness;
 Down at the mountain's base thou long hast brav'd 270
 With unmov'd front, the season's varying hour,

How many spires and aged towers appear—With a glass, in a clear day, near one hundred churches may be discovered from these Hills.

† Little Malvern Church stands in a retired and beautiful spot at the bottom of the Hill, about three miles from Great Malvern. It was built by Jocelin and Edred, two monks of the order of St. Benedict, who retired in conjunction with many others from the Priory of Worcester, and in the Wilderness of Malvern, proposed to become Hermits, and to live a life of austerity and penance. The parish of Little Malvern consists at present but of six families, though in the reign of Elizabeth there were some hundreds.

The vernal tempest and December storms;
 Yet at this tranquil time most fair thou seem'st;
 The aged oaks around and stately elms,
 In wild luxuriance spread their unshorn limbs; 275
 And, true to friendship, ward each angry blast
 That, howling through the valley, sweeps along
 To thy dark battlements. Protected stand
 Through many a coming year, thou humble Tower!
 And may thy sylvan guardians flourish too, 280
 The Woodman pass them and the Tempest spare.

A musing melancholy fills the mind
 As we behold where Bransil turrets stood;*
 How are the days gone by! how chang'd the scene
 Since, circled by a vast and rich domain, 285
 Its towers arose; majestic, moated round,
 And made to bear the rust of ages! now
 The neighbouring shepherd scarce can point the place
 Where once it stood!—significant of Man!
 Where are the countless generations past? 290

Bransil turrets—A part of one of the walls of Bransil Castle is the only vestige remaining. It once was a venerable structure, and fortified with a double ditch faced with stone. It cannot at present be discovered by whom it was built, though it is generally supposed to have been the Britons, soon after the Romans left this Island.

Earth's boasted lords? her lofty ministers?
Once fear'd throughout the world! her valiant hosts?
Prais'd in their day! her captains? and her chiefs?
Where are the men—the great and mighty men!
The potentates that ruled a crouching world, 295
Who call'd the earth their own, and proudly sway'd
The sceptre of dominion?—Where are now
Empires once famed? Assyria! where art thou?
Thou? Babylon! the mistress of the world!
Media? and Persia? Greece! thy boasted power? 300
And thine? victorious Rome! Nations and States,
Ye are forever gone! The spoiler Time,
Hath o'er your greatness past, and at each step
Your proudest Temples levell'd with the ground—
Your brazen Monuments, your Towers of strength; 305
Save one—a Pillar of majestic height*
That bears your names;—there he the contest yields,
Secure it stands, immoveable, ordain'd
To teach Mankind, the great, the solemn truth,
What shades they are, what shadows they pursue.† 310

* History.

† Burke.

Nor may I well forget whilst tracing round
 These spacious scenes, where Hanley Castle stood.*
 Now not one stone remains to claim the tear
 Of passing man—save when the hollow winds,
 Bending the night-shade's head, or nettle rank, 315
 Disclose some sculptured fragment, green and damp,
 And half conceal'd in earth. But tho' this pile
 Hath fallen long—yet Fancy still delights
 To trace the busy scenes of ancient days,
 To view the Lord-manorial pacing slow 320
 His Castle-hall, and poring with mute joy
 Upon the hard-won trophies, seized in fight
 By daring ancestor, and straight ordain'd
 To grace the walls, and prompt succeeding youths
 To martial fame, and deeds of chivalry 325
 Not heedless of their fires. But all is gone!
 Past like a dream! and Beauchamp too is gone!
 The great, the gallant Beauchamp known no more!†

Where Hanley Castle stood—Not far from the Severn stood Hanley Castle, formerly belonging to the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, of which at present there are no traces.

The great, the gallant Beauchamp known no more!—Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, was born in 1424, and died at Hanley Castle. With him ended the name of Beauchamp, of which family there had been six Earls and one Duke. The name has since been revived in other families.

NAISH.

In him expired a race of valiant men,
For prowess fam'd, and wealth, and courtesy ; 330
But, stern memento to the great, the proud,
Low lie their honors now, their wealth, their power,
Their very names forgotten, or reserv'd
To grace time's trophies. Where is now the fowl
Of haughty Independence ? where the views 335
That agitated once their glowing breasts
With hopes of high achievement, and inspired
Their youthful progeny to dare the wars
Of Cambria or of France ? awhile they liv'd
In splendor's gaiest hall, and laugh'd, and sung 340
The merry roundelay, or bade the harp
Swell with tumultuous joy. No more is heard
The song of gladness : and the blooming cheek—
The graceful step that held th'admiring eye,
Hath ceas'd to charm ! the throbbing heart is still ! 345
Both fires and children, all have had their days
Of pain and ease, disquietude and joy,
And now repose on Earth, our common Nurse !
She whisper'd not, nor with enticing look
Call'd to her arms these sons of affluence, 350
She never calls the great, the rich, the proud
With soft and winning accent, but preserves

Silence unbroken, save when some flow knell
Sends through the air at midnight a report
Warning and terrible. But to the poor 355
She yields a voice of comfort, sanctified
And pointed rightly by that word of truth
Heaven hath vouchsaf'd to man. Most goodly then
These scatter'd spires appear, these aged towers
Which to some little flock the path-way tell 360
That leads to life eternal, where the ills
Which strew'd their mortal way shall never come.
And honor'd be the men who here preside,
And, with sincerity and holy zeal,
Point the celestial road ! to simple minds 365
Reveal those holy truths, the which to hear,
And from the heart receive most willingly,
Blunts the keen shafts of sorrow ; well they know
The conflict will be short—the triumph sure.

Some minds superior to the common mould, 370
May laugh at superstition, and include
In that foul bondage, all who cherish hopes
Of joys hereafter ; yet, proud Scoffers, know !
If, prodigal of happiness, your hearts
Can well resign such hopes, and pleas'd remain 375

With earthly habitations and delights;
Blame not the poor and needy who have felt
No joys like you in this inclement world;
Blame not their humble bosoms, if they think
Upon the hardships of their mortal race, 380
And draw consolement from futurity.

In vain the eye enquires for that great track*
Of forest, thickly strew'd with giant Elms,
That once adorn'd the circling plain beneath:
Whose lofty tops, e'en, jealous, Malvern view'd, 385
And felt himself less vast. No longer now,
The thick-entangled trees engender damps,
And secret vapours—pestilent and foul:
The fragrant orchard, and the waving corn
O'erspread the cultured ground, and life, and health, 390
And cheerfulness, pervade the spacious scene.
But not that thou art chang'd from wood to field
And fragrant orchard; not that thy rich corn
Enchants the gazer, and repays the toil
Of patient man, do I thy praises sing; 395

* Malvern Chase. See Note to page 25.

Not that thy woods are levell'd, thy tall trees,
 That dared the blast, and check'd e'en Malvern's pride,
 But that the laws* which ruled the royal lands
 Are now no more—foul curse of ages past!

No common object on these lofty hills 400
 Is that old Camp beside me;† vast it seems,

But that the laws which ruled the royal lands—Prior to the date of Magna Charta, the Forest-laws were distinct from the Common Law, and all trespasses punished at the discretion of the Prince. It was declared felony to break or take away any wood from any of the King's Forests, as it was also to hurt or destroy any hart, hind, buck, doe, boar, wolf, fox, or hare, and the punishment commonly inflicted was hanging, the loss of limbs, or putting out eyes.

The method of forming a Forest before the time of Magna Charta is worthy of remark. If the King wished to have a Forest in any particular part of the kingdom, he ordered some of his own Commissioners to fix on the precise spot, who, when they had determined, had it fenced round, and made it to be proclaimed through the county, that it was in future to be considered as a Royal Forest: after which time no person was permitted to build on any part of it, or to hunt, without incurring the penalties of the Forest Laws.

So many litigations arose from these laws, and so much was the business they occasioned, that four courts were appointed to take cognizance of the respective trespasses, and to award punishments; under the controul only of the King.

William the Conqueror raised the New Forest in Hampshire, by the destruction of twenty-two parishes, through a track of country extending thirty miles. BLOUNT says, "the injustice of William, in depriving so many men of their property, was attended with divers judgments on his posterity, in as much as William Rufus was there shot through with an arrow, and before him, Richard the brother of Henry I.: and Henry, nephew to Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, did hang by the hairs of his head in the boughs of the Forest, like unto Absalom."

Is that old Camp beside me—On that part of the Malvern Hills called the Herefordshire Beacon, are the remains of an old camp; but by whom it was formed, or at what period of time, cannot be ascertained, as there is no history extant that mentions the circumstance: but it may be conjectured that it was formed at a very distant period; if not before history was known in Britain, yet before any progress was made in that science; otherwise it is probable that history would have afforded us some information concerning its origin. Some have ima-

And double-trench'd around, and once the haunt
 Of unknown Chieftain. Fierce from this high spot,
 Haply, he urged his blood-hounds to their feast
 Of murder and of spoil, then back return'd 405
 To count their triumphs, and prepare again
 Their wearied fangs for slaughter. Would it were
 That only in those dark unannall'd years
 The spirit of destruction had appeared!
 E'en in these boastful, these enlighten'd days, 410
 The hounds of blood have yell'd more horribly,
 Than ever pierc'd the troubled ear of man;
 And rous'd his lamentation.

Man corrupts

The natural world, made like its Author good! 415

gined that it was a Roman or Saxon, and others a British camp. The latter opinion seems to carry the appearance of most probability; for it is natural to suppose, that when the Britons were driven by the Romans beyond the Severn, they posted themselves in some situation where they might be able to make a stand, and repel the further progress of their enemies. Now the Malvern Hills being advantageously situated for that purpose, they probably availed themselves of that eligible position. The existing remains of this camp consist of two intrenchments, or what is usually termed a double ditch, formed in a circular direction round the declivity of the eminence. The uppermost, which is very near the summit, is about seven hundred feet in extent. The other is formed lower on the descent of the hill, and is much more extensive, being upwards of half a mile in circumference. These trenches are from six to twelve feet deep, and in some places more than thirty feet broad, and supposed capable of containing an army of twenty thousand men. The avenues or passes are still to be seen, and the greatest part is in fine preservation.

BARRETT.

He sacks the town, lays waste the fertile plain,
Calls Famine from her halls of nakedness,
Beneath, whence, upward springs the fleshless hag,
And, gorging on the fruits for man ordain'd,
Leaves but herself to mourn. 420

Too long has life
Sustain'd a load of anguish—needless—vast.
A tyrant few, in every age, have seized
The wrathful sword, and deem'd mankind their slaves;
Made them resign their wills, submit to death, 425
Afflict, destroy their fellows, nor, for what,
Heeding! How pliable is man!—like clay
Moulded to any form, and trusting all
Hypocrisy declares—senseless and blind:
Or would such mad tormentors waste the earth? 430
Such wars prevail? that hide the face of day
With steam of murder; bearing to high heaven,
On each accusing particle, a prayer
That shall bring down perdition on the murd'ers.
If man, proud man, were other than machine, 435
Would he in every age and country rush
To raise the hostile standard at the beck
Of each ensanguin'd chief? in every cause?

Oh ye, at whose command such deeds are done,
Take heed! ye have a long account to close, 440
When each that was untimely slain shall rise,
And with heart-shaking words, and fixed eye,
Sternly proclaim, "You were my murderer!"
May ye find mercy at that trying hour,
Altho' on earth ye knew it not, but saw, 445
Soul-satisfied, your ministers of blood
Reel o'er their slain.

Power was not made for man:

It saps his little virtue, and the world
Will soon, from sad experience, learn to say— 450
Power steels the heart to every tender tie
Humanity reveres, and, long enjoy'd,
Creates the Tyrant and confirms the Slave.

'Tis sweet to breathe at this neglected hour
The mount's pure air! to trace the landscape wide. 455
Soothing it is and calm! the scatter'd cots,
Sprinkling the vallies round, most gaily look,
And seem as never anguish pass'd them near:
The very trees wave concord, and invite

To meditation, whilst ten thousand birds 460
Pay their best homage to the Deity.

While pondering on this goodly heritage,
Where all is fair and quiet, where the eye
Dwells on perfection, views with kindling joy
Nature's luxuriance, and with heart entranced 465
Hears her inviting voice, that bids mankind
Learn goodness from herself: sudden I feel
Compassion wring my heart, to think that men
Should spend their few short days, in heaping wealth
For unknown heirs, mid toil, and care, and strife, 470
Unmindful of such heavenly scenes as these.

Is there no charm in nature, that the eye
So shuns it, and with quick reverted glance
Turns to the city's haunts, to mark around
Pollution's meagre form, the cry of want, 475
The immortal Spirit chain'd to Avarice?
Yields it no pleasure to behold the birds,
Uprisen from their dewy beds,—that send
On every gale their melody? to see
The insect tribes in ever-varying shape? 480
To mark the tender grass? the yellow corn?

The blossom gay? or flower? or running brook,
Winding through woods and glens its steady course?
Shall not the season's changeful hour deserve
The open eye of wonder, and exalt 485
The heart to Deity, whose plastic word
Still calls them in succession, leads them on
To bless unthankful mortals? can the Sun
Casting its full—broad—congregated beam,
At early morn, athwart the darken'd valley, 490
Tinging with red the distant forest top,
No solace yield? are we so lost, so dead
To our sad state—our voluntary curse,
As to behold unmov'd the peaceful flock
On many a verdant hill or meadow gay, 495
Nor liken their content with toiling man?

But thoughts like these have lost their native charm
To him who knows no good but wealth, and strives
To still the voice within him, that would fain
Win back his feet to rural quietness, 500
And village joys, the soothers of his youth.

What of our mortal ills to thee belong,
Infuriate Commerce! thou unceasing weav'st

The veil that hides the Deity from man,
Gold turns the heart to stone! makes wife men fools! 505
For this the parent sells his darling child,
Surveys the price of barter'd innocence,
And with Iscariot smile, cries, all is well.
For this the Merchant toils his life away,
Endures Hindoostan's heat—Siberia's snows, 510
That when the worms have burrow'd in his skull,
Some prattling tongue may tell the wonderous sum
Once he could call his own. For love of gold
(Gold only fought for luxuries, not wants)
The gallant sailor braves the tempest's rage, 515
The wild tornado's defolating power;
Contentends with dangers in heart-harrowing shapes,
Far from the wife held dear—the home of peace.

Thy triumphs, MAMMON, shall not always thus
Sound thro' the earth, nor always shalt thou see 520
Youth, Beauty, Innocence, and heaven born Love,
And all the nobler passions of the soul
Bend at thy feet, and own no God but thee.
Nor always shalt thou view the peaceful child
Of innocence, in some unguarded hour, 525
Lured by the demon commerce from his home,

Cities and towns, ye haunts of wretchedness !*
 Where Commerce with a grin of extacy
 Sits counting o'er her votaries' tears and sighs ;
 Urged by your splendid poisons,† what a host

530

Cities and towns, ye haunts of wretchedness—A reference is here made to the evils arising from manufactures. I do not mean to cast a general reflection on all of them, but that some are attended with destructive consequences, cannot be questioned. It may be well to specify one or two. I shall therefore notice the Pin Manufacture and that for White-lead. In the former, the pointing of pins is attended with the almost certain sacrifice of those who are employed in it. Strong constitutions are not so immediately affected, but to the strongest it generally proves fatal, if persisted in for a few years; which arises from the number of metallic particles received into the lungs by breathing. These stop the finer vessels, and induce by that means apoplexy and consumption. If *property* had been concerned, and not *lives*, ingenuity would long ago have discovered some mode for supplying the lungs with air uncontaminated with this destructive mixture.

With respect to the Manufacture of White-lead, the consequences are still more fatal. In particular departments of it, an employment of three months produces palsy in some of the limbs, commonly a loss of the hand chiefly employed, and which rapidly extends unless the person change his occupation. The conductors of this Manufacture are so aware of the consequences, that they never solicit any man to engage in it. They simply open their doors, and receive such only as are starving, and can find no other employment.—What are these Manufactures but an union of Suicide and Murder? Society has enacted laws for the punishment of murderers; but it is for those only who kill on a small scale, or in a particular way.—The far larger proportion are considered as honorable men—"all honorable men." White-lead is principally used in the composition of paint. I have had a room painted with a mixture of chalk and oil, which looks full as well as white-lead; its only disadvantage arises from changing colour sooner than the common paint; but that other experiments might succeed better cannot be doubted; and the Society of Arts, if they have not already done it, could direct the attention of the ingenious and scientific to few questions in which the interests of society are more involved.

Splendid Poisons—Large manufacturing towns receive annually a supply of young men from the surrounding country, to make up for the deficiencies of those who have come to a premature death from the unwholesomeness of their occupations. Unthinking youths, from the superior wages offered them, are induced to try these dangerous experiments. They commence their new employments with complexions that indicate health, but in a year or two, their countenances commonly become pallid, their minds dispirited, and their bodies weak. Though these appearances are applicable to most manufacturing towns, yet I have an eye

Of inexperienced sons have left their homes,
 The cot's calm comforts, and the quiet shades,
 To taste your bitter dregs, and be immured,
 From morn's first dawn till evening far is spent,
 In dust, and stench, and pestilence! remote 535
 From friends, assail'd by vice in every shape
 That chains to dust the soul, and doom'd at length
 To linger out their blasted lives in scorn—
 Their peace destroy'd—their innocence gone by.

Yet sadder still to mark the infant throng,* 540
 Foredoom'd by Mammon's iron-hearted sons
 To deaths untimely; ere the simple lisp

more particularly on Manchester. In this place the above effects are notorious, nor will it be wondered at, when it is understood that many branches of the manufactures conducted at this place, require the absence of fresh air, in consequence of which the air becomes so impure as seriously to injure the health, and if consumption should not be the immediate consequence, the general habit is so much impaired, as to be rendered liable to a long catalogue of distressing maladies. The evil is further increased by the frequent custom of employing two sets of hands to work day and night alternately.

The infant throng—Parish children, consisting chiefly of orphans and the illegitimate, are often considered as lumber which cannot be too soon put out of the way; they are therefore contracted for by manufacturers at the different parish workhouses throughout the kingdom, and like other merchandize, sent off by waggons full—the obligations of the parish are then supposed to cease, and the manufacturer makes the best of his commodities.—After contemplating these dark pictures, it is cheering to hope, that the time may arrive, when the governors of nations shall begin to think of their duties; and then will a portion of the national produce be applied toward the establishment of public schools and nurseries, where the wretched, the fatherless, and the forsaken, may find a compensation for the friends they have lost in the justice of their country.

Of infancy be past ; to see them toil,
And waste their tender strength, perchance to please
Some strict and pious master, who enjoys 545
Self-satisfaction in the cheering thought
Of giving such unnumber'd suppliants bread.
Cease, thoughtless men ! your horrible deceits,
And if to piety your hearts incline,
Question it well ! for never pious heart 550
Dwelt with such deeds. Can heaven applauding view
The helpless orphan seiz'd by avarice,
And forc'd to sacrifice at Lucre's shrine
Its hopes in childhood, and its joys in age ?
No ! if to please thy Maker ever struck 555
Thy passing thought, when interest was away,
Learn with more certainty than ever man
Foretold to-morrow's fun, it is by deeds
Of tenderness, by viewing all mankind
As offspring of one Sire, who never made 560
The wondrous human frame to be consumed,
Ere yet the leaves of childhood half expand,
By man's fierce lust of perishable gold.

Poor children ! on the hard world are ye cast,
A world which loves you not, (save here and there 565
One good Samaritan) which strives to check
All that is noble, all that lifts the heart
To heaven and conscious dignity. Like beasts
Ye are compell'd to toil, like beasts to live,
Like beasts to die—unwept, uncomforted ! 570
Not knowing what you are, nor whither bound,
When doom'd to fail, as unstarr'd mariners,
On that vast ocean death conducts us to.

On every side, Injustice, Selfishness,
And all those little passions, dark and foul, 575
Which make a hell of earth, afflict the sight,
And leave no refuge for the wearied mind
To rest contented.—Like some fultry waste,
Where never herb appears to cheer the eye
Of patient traveller, but all around, 580
Far as heaven's verge, is parcht and desolate.

The head and heart indeed are sick and faint,
And where the path untainted ? I bewail
My mixture with a world I little like :
Its maxims suit not with my better feelings : 585

The whole I want is bread and quietness,
Leisure to contemplate myself and God,
To teach my fellows so.—This world demands
Some hard conditions—mortals must comply.

Whilst the eye wanders o'er yon fertile range 590
Of hill and vale, unnumber'd dwellings peep
From the thick-wooded scene of stateliest kind.
Would that no huts were there, no wretched huts
Where fellow-men reside, and ceaseless toil
To gain a scanty fare, yet toil in vain! 595
Full oft their young and hungry family,
With longing heart, await their fire's return
At closing eve, and, from his downward look,
Catch sorrow, and consume their meal in tears;
A poor and sorry meal! such as no man 600
Should ever contemplate, on this good earth,
Teeming with plenty, not by God ordain'd
For some few pamper'd sons of luxury,
But for the whole, all who his image bear.*

* It is not meant to be inferred that agrarian law is either just in itself, or compatible with the state of man; but there are few persons who would not wish to see the condition of the lower orders improved, provided it could be done (as it assuredly may) consistent with the necessary gradations of society.

One hut there is beneath this lofty Hill,* 605
Where poverty, bleak, bitter poverty,
Unfoothed dwells: but most this heart concerns,
That one descending to her hundredth year
Should there endure the storm, and find no hope
But in the silent grave; no feeble hope, 610
That like the sun-beam on a winter morn,
Which gleams a little space, then dies away
Beneath the dark impenetrable sky.

In fancy still the aged form appears
Where first I saw it; and methinks I see 615
Her daughter, with solicitude unbought,
Checking the buz of lisping children near,
And asking, with mild eye, her many wants;
Though she, with bitterness of spirit, felt
Those simple wants she could not satisfy; 620
But yet what love and tenderness might do
She did most willingly, and was her strength.
Even like the ivy broad that winds its arms,
Its hundred arms, around some crumbling shaft,
Or tower untenanted, upholding thus 625
The aged guardian of its youthful years.

One hut there is beneath this lofty Hill—See Note in the Preface, page 11.

Is this a state for Man—the Being Man!
 To be o'erwhelm'd with ignorance and want?
 Was heaven's best workmanship endued with powers
 To tame the light'ning, count the stars of heaven; 630
 To be deprived of light, light most divine,
 The light of reason? was his soaring mind,
 Which bears the germs of angel excellence,
 Given but to die before the cutting wind
 Of man's injustice? perish the low thought! 635
 Yet what are such but victims to the wrongs
 Of man to man, who live a living death,
 Thrown on life's rugged shore, 'mid fiends that hate
 And harpies that devour, though form'd to view
 Of stature like themselves? whose children rise 640
 Meagre, untaught, and nurst in wretchedness,*
 To tread the path their injured fires have trod.

Meagre, untaught, and nurst in wretchedness—The most effectual way to relieve the poor is by teaching them how to relieve themselves, and this cannot be done so well as by improving their understandings. Within these few years, the instruction of the lower orders has been more than ever attended to, and considerable benefit has already resulted from Sunday and other benevolent schools. Many opulent persons have considered it as an indispensable duty not only to administer to the wants of the poor, but to instruct them in the first rudiments of learning. Among the individuals who have been distinguished for this beneficent conduct, there is one Lady who has acquired a pre-eminence which should not be past over. With intellectual powers of the first order, she has stooped to the instruction of the ignorant, and though possessed of a fortune which commanded the luxuries of life, she has restricted herself to the comforts, in order to render herself more extensively useful. For a circuit of ten miles round her dwelling, she has established a multitude of schools, where many hundred poor children are taught to work,—to read their bibles, and how best to discharge the re-

I would think well of men, and wish to see
 Their hidden worth, to view them as a race
 Exposed to ill, yet dealing much in good; 645
 And strive to find their heavenly sympathies.
 But when I mark content's unruffled smile,
 Wand'ring alike o'er wealth and poverty;
 Behold around unnumber'd suppliants,
 Heartless and comfortless, and wild with want; 650
 Then see some rich-man pass—pass heedless on!
 His cold, self-centred, mammon-loving look,
 Stilling the tongue of eager poverty;
 Wailing I stand, and view a host of wolves—
 Wolves that devour, unstung by appetite. 655

When the fierce wind comes roaring through the sky,
 Fitful or long, then let th' oppressor howl
 In unison, and think the deaf'ning sound
 From fathers, and from mothers, that are gone
 To their long home, who vengeance ask of God 660
 For children wrong'd.

spective duties of their stations. But what is of more importance than advancing the mere sum
 necessary for such an establishment, she, together with her benevolent sisters, has stately super-
 intended the schools, examined individually the children's improvement, and bestowed on them
 those judicious admonitions or rewards which often make a permanent impression on young
 minds. From what I have said, it is impossible the reader should not recognize the ESTA-
 BLISHMENT OF THE CHEAP REPOSITORY; and it affords me peculiar pleasure in having it
 thus in my power to do some justice to this Lady's distinguished talents and superior virtues.

Some minds delight to say,
Whilst pondering o'er affliction's family,
I would relieve you ALL, poor sufferers !
Decrease your burdens, take your little ones, 665
Nor say, unheeding, be ye cloth'd and fed,
But I would clothe, aye, and would feed ye too,
Most willingly ; but, trust me, I am poor ;
My heart is open, though my purse is light.
Ye puling Sympathists, tear off the mask ! 670
Of the great work a portion seek and do !
And rather learn to say ; if I should spend
My future little, heedless of the Poor,
In selfish joys, in rioting and pride ;
Feel my heart light with riches, yet forget 675
The thousands who implore their bitter bread :—
God of all mercy, save me from myself !
The poorer on the poor have many claims—
All may a something grant to those who want—
A word, a look, is register'd in heaven. 680

So seldom is the poor-man smiled upon,
That, like the midnight light'ning, giving earth
A momentary splendor, else involv'd
In deepest shades, so to his heart is pity.

Dark and thick clouds on every side appear; 685
And whilst his burden'd soul almost exclaims,
Foes! all are foes! Life is prolong'd despair,
And Death is sweet: the chilling mists dissolve
At one kind look, and something whispers still,
Thou art no outcast, trust thy God and live. 690
I love to see the poor and friendless happy,
Smiling amid the rags that cover them;
'Tis a most proper time to do them good;
Why should we wish to stay our bounteous deed
'Till men have felt that bitter pang, which makes 695
E'en wretchedness a tolerable thing?
Although their hands were full of charity,
Yet would I give them more, and love to mark
Their half-clos'd eyes glistening with secret joy;
Anticipating comforts long unknown. 700
It is a proof of goodness in our God,
That though the world has often bent them low,
Almost to death, one little boon revives,
E'en as a passing shower the herb or blade
O'er whose weak head the traveller's foot has past. 705

The old and cheerful Mendicant, methinks,
(To liken common sights to common things)

Looks like a lonely apple, waving slow
On some tall spray, when summer's reign is o'er,
And bitter north-winds strip the drooping trees 710
Of all their pride, it bears the conflict well;
Whilst from his shrivell'd skin, as feebly darts
The sun his southern ray, the aged bloom
Looks fair, and tells us what it once has been.

Ye sons of pride, rouse not the poor-man's curse! 715
It has a charm, a secret influence,
Which, like a feather tost on mighty winds,
Though long upborne, yet shall it fall at last;
But, with a force great as heaven's thunderbolt.
Will not the curses of the starving rise 720
To God's high throne against those potentates
Who call themselves the Fathers of their people,
Yet scorn his offices?—they have their due!
For shall not conscience smite, when Death appears
In fearful majesty, to think their lives 725
Have past, their means of good unprofited?
And shall not Hell rejoice, when those bad men
Sink to the grave, who liv'd but for themselves?
(Though in an humbler walk and humbler way)

Who grasp'd the good of life with rav'nous hand, 730
Who ate, who drank, who rioted, yet heard
The cry of want, with that distemper'd grin
Which Avarice puts on, when duty goads
The dozing Fiend. Deep is the malady!
Lucre it is, which earthly minds adore! 735
The substitute for which they barter time,
And health, and happiness, yea, life itself.

Who is that man on yonder pebbled shore
Picking up grains of gold, and poring deep,
Down-bended mid a waste of sand and mire? 740
Now by his sparkling eye, and by the smile
That cheers his furrow'd visage, I perceive
Another grain of gold his hands have found;
Yet on his back a ponderous load he bears
Of the like ore, and cherishes the hope, 745
That when a number, UNDEFINED yet NEAR,
Of the same yellow grains shall swell his hoard,
Then will he purchase, what was never bought!
The pearl of happiness. But hark! I hear
The distant waters roar! they toward him rush! 750
Still pores he on unmindful; high in air
The billows mount, and urge their whiten'd heads

Far o'er the strand. In silence yet he pores,
Till, wide encircled by the hostile tide,
He sees his danger, closer holds his store, 755
Exclaims for aid, with looks all horrible,
And when no aid appears, curses his gold ;
Yet loves it still—a meek, unmeaning curse.
Now louder lamentations from him burst,
As upward to his mouth the waters rise. 760
Behold ! a huger billow lifts its head,
Majestic, moving on, ah, see it meets him !
In the fierce tide he falls, a victim blind,
And, grasping with convulsive might, his all,
Sinks with his God and never rises more. 765

Ah why should man, fairest of Nature's works !
Spark of the Deity ! forget his birth ?
His near inheritance ? his Sire immortal ?
Ah why should man, encompass'd by a world
So very good, live to himself alone ; 775
When all that meets his eye, declares aloud,
Its Maker and our God ? who placed us here
To learn his will, proclaim'd from ev'ry herb,
And shrub, and tree ; nay, all that moves and is,
That we should love, even as our Father loves. 780

Born to futurity's vast weight of years,
What little ills our bosoms here sustain,
From their brief date, will soon be lost, amid
The untold glories of eternity.

But, ere they quite decay, in future worlds, 785
Man may revolve on man's contracted heart
To fellow-man, then rise, with highest zest,
To contemplate unchanging Deity.

Yet a high hope this glowing heart enjoys
That ere we all to the cold grave go down, 790
And this our earth be vanish'd like a dream,
Mercy shall raise her head, extend her reign,
Speak whilst all nations listen and obey.

Before mine eye celestial visions dance
Of joys seraphic, some time to descend 795
And bless redeemed man. Amid the host
Of radiant Jubilants, one holy form,
Known by his eye benignant, foremost seems
To found the heavenly reign—his name is LOVE!
And thrice more potent his resistless arm 800
To cleanse the world of every malady,
Than light'nings to devour some little bark

On vext Atlantic's surge, when vast he heaves,
Swept by impetuous winds.

But whilst I sing 805

Of all the joys this lovely world might know,
And name the wrongs which man has heap'd on man;
The senseless many, judge me as their foe.
From the celestial teacher of mankind,
Down to this day of rage and prejudice, 810
Who ever knew the dark and ingrate world
Pay its best friends but with its execrations?

Yet in hereafter times these simple strains
Shall touch some heart accordant, and command
A tear of anguish for the darken'd years 815
Which could resist and persecute such truths
Eternal. Nor in these degenerate days,
Do there not some exist, whose spirits burn
Within them, as they view this goodly world,
So fill'd with wars, oppressions, wretchedness; 820
The creatures man has made, and sometime doom'd
To fall by man, blest but portentous hour!

Her iron scourge let the mad world exalt,
And seek by threats to check the poet's pen,
Yet shall he heedless smile : for like that bird, 825
Chief of the feather'd race, at even tide
Returning homeward, whilst the concave low'rs,
And the fierce night-wind sweeps impetuous by ;
Like as his wing, strong-finew'd, cleaves the air,
Rides on the furious blast, and dreadless moves 830
Mid the dark clouds and elemental strife ;
So should the Poet be :—his object TRUTH :
He writes for age nor country, but obeys
The heaven-directed impulse of his mind,
And speaks a language—universal—pure. 835
He should disdain to stoop to prejudice,
Regard the voice of faction, he is taught,
By his high calling, to hold light, the praise—
The censures of the world, and, unmoved, scorn
Its momentary rage. He dares not stoop 840
To court Earth's favor; if it come, 'tis well;
But 'mid her wildest clamor, he should stand
Unmindful, bent on TRUTH with steadfast eye :
All else is servile—base—a sacrifice
Of the best gift of God—the power of Song. 845

But back return, advent'rous mind, from plans
Of beauty, order, innocence ; such thoughts
As make the pure heart leap : but back return
To give a parting gaze, and bid adieu.

The sky is clear ; these hills are beautiful ; 850
The country smiles ; and all is gaiety
That meets the wandering eye : would that such scenes
Forever met my view ; but I must soon
Forfake this lovely spot ; then, like a dream,
Snatch'd from oblivion, shall they all appear ; 855
Faintly remember'd : so life passes on !
And after some few joys, and many cares,
Our journies end ! our weary heads repose
In the grave's quiet. This our mortal race !
One thought still cheers us, tho' our lot be hard, 860
This world was never made to be our home—
Our final dwelling ! we indignant spurn
The narrow thought, and humbly wait that hour,—
That hour of blest redemption, when the soul
Shall be dismantled of its cumbrous load 865
Of mortal fetters, and expand itself,
Free as the air. Subdued by prejudice,

By passions led, by motives unchastis'd
By holy Charity, we, while on earth,
Grove in the dark, nor know our real selves, 870
Our kindred tie to Heaven. But the hour
Fast hastens, which shall raise our grovelling thoughts
From this low state of being, and disclose
The powers stupendous folded up in man.

But tho' we know the change which all await 875
Must shortly come, and feel the certain hope
That day eternal waits impatiently
To burst its floods of glory on our mind;
Yet, hard it is, oh Death! to meet thy frown
Unterrified! the boldest heart will yield 880
In that dread conflict, and the awakened mind
Still cling to life, e'en with such fervent zeal,
As the poor ship-wreck'd mariner, that hangs
From some projecting crag around whose base
The ocean thunders. Tho' this time must come, 885
Big with new terrors; yet more keen the pang
To see death bear away, those whom we love—
For time and state unknown.

These dawning eyes

Have follow'd to the grave full many friends; 890

Some, whom in youth I lov'd and communed with,

Are gone for ever! many a flatt'ring scene

Of happiness is fled, with which we cheer'd

Each other, and beguil'd life's rugged path:

Talk'd of fair-opening prospects, and the joys 895

Succeeding years should bring: projects indulg'd

Of goodly import, such as learn to make

The big heart scorn its tenement, nor saw

One little cloud to dim the crimson dawn.

But, Death has been amongst us! low they lie, 900

My loved companions! I am left to mourn!

Yet hast thou calls to thankfulness, my heart!

Tho' many friends are gone to their long home,

Yet many still remain, precious, and dear;

Those who are slept before shall welcome thee, 905

Anon, beyond the grave, as thou shalt others:

Till, soon or late, we all triumphant stand

On that blest shore, where sorrow cannot come:

Oh how I pity those, who (like the leaf,

The LAST fear'd leaf of autumn) view depart 910

Each early Friend in sad succession, 'till

At length they stand ALONE and contemplate,
One desolated scene of waste and death.

Not always should the mind an entrance grant 915
To these sad musings : pleasant in their turn
It is, to trace the virtues of our friends,
Once loved and honor'd—to the grave gone down :
Yet cheerfulness should follow.—Cheerfulness,
Best gratitude to God from favor'd man. 920

Even now my heart beats high, for now I hear
The village bells beneath play merrily.
From hill to hill imperfect gladness bounds,
And floating murmurs die upon the air.
It is the long-look'd pastime now begun ! 925
Aye ! there they are upon the level green,
Maiden and Rustic, deck'd in best attire,
And ushering in the WHITSUN HOLIDAYS :
Weaving the mazy dance, fantastic, whilst
Encircled by a gaping croud of boys, 930
The merry Piper stands, and, capering plays ;
Or, half forgetful of his half-learn'd tune,
Looks scantways to behold his fav'rite lass
Pair'd with another ; haply, smiling too.

The aged Ploughman now forgets his team, 935
And, tho' to join the skipping throng too old,
Laughs to see others laugh, he knows not why,
Or, if in graver mood, looks wond'rous wife,
And tells his hoiden daughters as they pass,
Hold, maidens ! hold ! no whispering in the dance. 940
All, all is life and soothing jollity !
That king of sports is there, the Mountebank,
With antic tricks, or, with no sparing hand,
Dealing around some nostrum, famed, ALIKE
Specific in ALL pains and maladies. 945
And there the village Matrons gaily trimm'd,
With lace and tucker, handed down secure
Through a long line of prudent ancestors ;
And never shewn to gaping multitude,
Save at some marriage gay, or yearly wake. 950
Musing the mothers look o'er all the plain,
A cheerful smile unbends their wrinkled brow,
The days departed start again to life,
And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing fun 955
To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve.
Children of Innocence, sport on in peace !
Enjoy the fair, but fleeting morn of life,
And may no tempest spoil your holiday.

Farewell, delicious spot ! I now must leave you ; 960
Now must return to breathe pollution's air ;
To mix with men, envelop'd in the cares
Of life ; to be envelop'd too ; to hear
Their converse low, how best to meet with wealth,
And to preserve that end of life till death. 965
It must be so, yet will I love to think
On you, dear Mount ! and ponder on the joys
This morn bestow'd, and say, pressing my heart,
Than to review with memory's musing eye
Your lofty summit, mark its subject vales, 970
Its many scatter'd spires, and hamlets small,
And hear the magic orisons of birds,
Breaking the silence with their melody ;
Not sweeter to the nightly traveller's ear
Sounds the soft lute, while wandering by the side 975
Of some flow stream, when, not a whispering breeze
Awakes the grove, and not a murmur, rude,
Impedes the warbled notes—expiring flow ;
Whilst the clear moon resplendent shines aloft,
And casts her pale beam o'er the sleeping tide. 980

THE END.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED SISTER.

WHEN night's cold shadows wrap the world in gloom,
And weary mortals close their eyes in sleep ;
Why do I love to seek one lonely tomb,
And o'er the holy tablet bend and weep ?

There my fond Sister lies ! Death's driving storm
Untimely bore her from this nether sphere !
Peace to thy gentle spirit, heavenly form !
A Brother weeping still proclaims thee dear ;

For she was meek and tender as the dove,
Her eye, benignant, and her soul, sincere ;
Her heart was form'd of sympathy and love,
And every word she spake a faint might hear.

Whilst many talk'd of Christ with dazzling lore,
And prov'd by many words what faith had done ;
She liv'd the Christian, and in silence bore
Her Saviour's likenefs till her race was run :

She bade me feel for those whom cares oppress,
And prize the tear which for another flows ;
She form'd mine opening reason, and suppress'd
Each worthless hope or fear which childhood knows.

And shall I e'er forget thee, and thy worth,
Now death hath call'd thee from a world of care ?
Shall other loves, or aught of this low earth,
Tear from my heart the image deepest there ?

Sister! beloved, and loving! I will mourn
Thy early loss each night I downward lie ;
And when the first faint thought of morn return,
Before my waking sense thy form shall fly.

By fancy oft transported do I stand,
A transient glimpse of heaven o'erwhelms my mind ;
My soul, unbodied, feels her powers expand,
Leaves the low world and casts its cares behind :

It is thy presence, thine, the vision bright,
That bears my view above this lower earth ;
That o'er mine eye-ball darts celestial light,
And tells the tale of my immortal birth.

Let the vain world its loveliest hopes deride,
And check, at fancy's call, the rising tear,
Yet will I cherish, with increasing pride,
The faith that trusts thy guardian spirit near.

For pleasant 'tis to think, when life is fled,
And the cold grave receives some honor'd name ;
The spirit, bound by no material bed,
Exults o'er death, and lives, and acts the same :

Perhaps even now the tear that from me steals
To thine attendant form may grief impart ;
Perhaps, even now, thy conscious spirit feels
An answering pang to that which heaves my heart :

Nor may'st thou deem thy present bliss complete,
Till all who once were lov'd a haven find ;
Nor may thy breast with pity cease to beat,
Whilst one poor friend drags heavily behind.

Sometimes at midnight, with a solemn dread,

I wake, and, doubting, to myself I say;

And art thou, oh my much lov'd Sister! dead?

Laid in a cold and narrow house of clay?

And must my limbs like thine resign their might?

This heart forget to beat? this blood to flow?

Must soon these eyes be closed, a long, long, night,

And all that once was me in death lie low?

Distracting thought, to those who never find

A hope, beyond the Grave, but I survey

In Death, tho' arm'd with terrors to the mind,

The glorious dawn of everlasting day:

Thee shall I meet, my Sister! thee, my friend!

Beyond the toils this mortal state annoy;

Soon shall our kindred hearts together blend.

And what we once have suffer'd swell our joy.

Short was thy life, and stormy—rough the road

Through which thou pass'd'st to a world of rest!

Affliction with thee form'd a long abode,

And many a sorrow prey'd upon thy breast!

But thou art now deliver'd ! thou hast fung
The song of triumph in a nobler sphere !
Up where the trembling stars of night are hung,
Thy soul has usher'd in th' eternal year.

Oh may my lot be with thee ! may I tread
The spotless path through life which thou hast trod !
And when in death I rest my weary head,
Oh may I find my last, best, friend in God !

Do I ONE blessing crave ? thou Power divine !
And for mine OWN POOR SELF that boon require ?
May all that lives, and moves, and is, be thine,
And thou be all in all—ETERNAL SIRE !

F I N I S.

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